

ADDRESS
BY WILLIAM A. BLAIR
ON
PRESENTATION OF A PORTRAIT
OF THE LATE
GEORGE PIERCE PELL
TO THE
SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA
DECEMBER, 1940

"It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song for those who answer not,
However we away call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more."

It is well for us, for any reason, sometimes to turn away for one brief hour from light or heavy tasks that often tire,—from business, factory, farm or office, and from the "dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood," to meet face to face, forget home and business cares, and feel the great throbbing pulse of humanity beat in common current through the channels of our being. Particularly so if we meet to consider lives worth living, to recite their achievements, to recount and evaluate their services, and

"in the book of fame
The glorious record of their virtues write,
And hold it up to men and bid them claim
A palm like this, and catch from them the hallowed flame."

And yet, it is a difficult, delicate, and indeed dangerous task, in considering any clear, forceful story of human accomplishment, endeavor and high idealism, particularly in the case of a special friend almost from childhood's earliest days, to avoid, on the one hand, the base Scylla of extrava-